

ELEPHANT ALICE PEEVISHLY ROOTS UP SOME TREES

Also Demolishes Fence to Add
Eclat to Bronx Zoo
Moving Day.

STAMPEDES ANTELOPES.

75 Handlers Put to Flight, but
Otherwise Coney Pachyderm Is "Amiable."

If it hadn't been for Alice's crankiness and repugnance to getting her feet wet or some other temperamental feminine foible, moving day at the Bronx Zoo to-day would have been a perfect and politely conducted function.

But Alice's temperamental broke loose all over the place, and as she is a 2,500-pound, twelve-foot African lady elephant, it may be gathered that the affair wasn't handled with the eclat and formality of a pink tea. As results of the fractious female's capers there are great holes in the earth on Bronx Parkway; three or four trees were uprooted in the pride of their youth, a section of the iron picket fence surrounding the antelope inclosure lies prone on its side, and a half a dozen assistant keepers are having the time of their lives chasing four or five antelopes through the woods in the rain.

She Was Amiable at Coney.

This was by no means the first time Alice had so distinguished herself, and those out in the park who have made her acquaintance only recently are beginning to question the statement of Dick Richards, her old-time guide, philosopher and friend, that she used to be as amiable as a pink-eyed rabbit. She came from Coney Island, and it may be that she missed the crowds, the music, the "hot dogs" and the moving picture shows of that resort, but whatever the cause, she lost her sweet disposition on Sept. 18, when Director Hornaday tried to move her from the old elephant house into the antelope house.

On that occasion she showed her spleen by butting into the snake house, breaking the glass cases and upsetting a gross or so of assorted king cobras, pythons, bushmasters, rattlers, spreading adders and other well-known squanders all over the floor. Two women were injured at this time, and the whole place was mixed up. Alice had to stay a night and a day in the snake house, but was finally moved after she had been given a dose of chloral into the antelope house. There she remained until to-day.

Buck Jumps Scatter 75 Men.

Not taking any chances, Director Hornaday ordered the young elephant's ankles shackled with heavy chains, giving her the opportunity to take only short steps. Then a hempen cable was tied about her waist and a big ship's anchor attached.

Then, with Dick Richards murmuring tender nothings into her ear, seventy-five men under the direction of Prof. Hornaday and Dr. W. Reed Blair, began to coax Alice through the door. She was about fifty feet from the door of the antelope house when she realized she couldn't run on account of the chains, so she began to buck jump. Lickety-split, the seventy-five men scattered like ants, and it was only the presence of mind of Richards, who jabbed the anchor around a big oak tree, that kept Alice from going away from there.

When she found this convenient move from her moorings she lifted up her trunk and began to trumpet as never an elephant trumpeted before outside of Mr. Kipling's stories. The trees trembled, birds fell out of their nests and animals all set up a squalling and a roaring.

Then Richards did a nifty thing. He deliberately climbed up on Alice's back and assured her, in the most confidential of tones, that everything was all right. This quieted her for a little while and she was induced to move another 100 feet toward her new home.

She Plucked Some Trees.

But there was another fit of fractiousness after this and Alice showed her strength by uprooting trees and the antelope fence. Following this she fell down and, suggesting a magnificent pig, rolled over and over on the slippery ground.

Only Richards could do anything with her. He sat on her neck and talked to her like a Dutch uncle until, after she had been thoroughly chastened, she consented to a walk along to her new house. The trip of 1,000 feet from the antelope house to the new \$250,000 elephant mansion built by the city cost exactly three hours.

All the other elephants had preceded Alice, and, with the exception of Gunda, smashing a camera, the transfer was made without exciting incident.

At the new quarters Gunda was given a room to the right of the main entrance, while the children were placed in the dormitory, several rooms away. Gunda, the blind rhinoceros, was crated up like a piano and hauled into a brewery wagon in which he made the journey to his new home. He and Speak, the remainder of the rhinoceros family, made the journey in the same manner. Speak and his wife, Thuma, and a dozen husky attendants a rough-housed when it came to get into the wagon. He up and bit a dozen of them and broke away repeatedly.

No Beer Wagon for Him.

"Kick him in the shins," shouted somebody. "While they were looking for his shins, Speak went on a drinking tour, with movement, and his most prominent feature had several samples of trouser seats on it when he was hauled into the crate. Then came the get hippopotamus. Only son of Caliph and Miss Murchison. He was pointed out the propriety of his riding in a beer wagon when all his life had been spent on the water wagon. He got real mad, and when taken down when Keeper Verman took him on his lap and loaded the beer wagon on the back of his neck. After a great deal of getting over the beer wagon, he got on a boat and sailed to the new island, where he was assigned to a front room, and bath on the main floor.

Book of Etiquette for the "400" Tells Those Who Would Enter the Charmed Life What to Do

Tip Schedule for Week-End Visit Is
\$40; If You Haven't That Much
Take an Early Train.

LET THE BATHTUB OVERFLOW.

Husband and Wife Must Quarrel at
Bridge, or Other Players Will
Suspect Them of Cheating.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To hold the mirror up to New York society is an altogether different and more difficult matter than holding it up to nature.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Yet Francis W. Crowninshield in his book, "Manners for the Metropolis: An Entrance Key to the Fantastic Life of the 400," just published by D. Appleton & Co., has done this, and made New York the merrier for a keen and clever satire.

Mr. Crowninshield's guide to the 400—it claims to be nothing else—is frankly philanthropic in character. But undoubtedly the scope of his book is indicated best in his own brief foreword, which, with other extracts from the book is reproduced through the courtesy of the publishers.

"With renewed thanks, I am, dear Mrs. Weekende, Yours sincerely, PERCY VANDERFORT."

"p. 8—I am returning to you, by express, the woodland violet bath salt, the photograph frame, the bedroom clock, the silver brush, the hot-water bag, and the two saucet cases which your servant mistook for my property."

Etiquette of Dinners.

After country houses Mr. Crowninshield takes up the etiquette of dinners. Among his many luminous suggestions perhaps the one which follows may be found most generally useful.

"Nothing adds so much to the appearance of a dinner as the art of gracefully removing from a dinner or evening party a gentleman who has imbibed, not wisely but too well. The correct method is to ask the butler to inform him that a lady wishes to speak to him on the telephone. When he has left the room, spring upon him in the hall and chivy him into a cab."

"Rouge sticks and powder puffs may be used by ladies at luncheons, but never at dinners."

"If a hostess receives a dinner invitation from people who are not really 'in the swim,' people, let us say, like old friends, classmates and business associates, who are, so to speak, 'on the green,' but not dead to the hole, he should simply toss it into the fire. This plan will prevent any more invitations from so undesirable a quarter. Were he to answer these people politely, they would certainly annoy him again at a later date. Remember that 'the coward does it with a kiss, the brave man with a sword.'"

Two Modish Excuses.

"When you are over half an hour late at dinner it is well to have an excuse. There are, just now, only two modish excuses:

"First, you were arrested for speeding your motor; second, you were playing bridge, and every hand seemed to be a spade or a club."

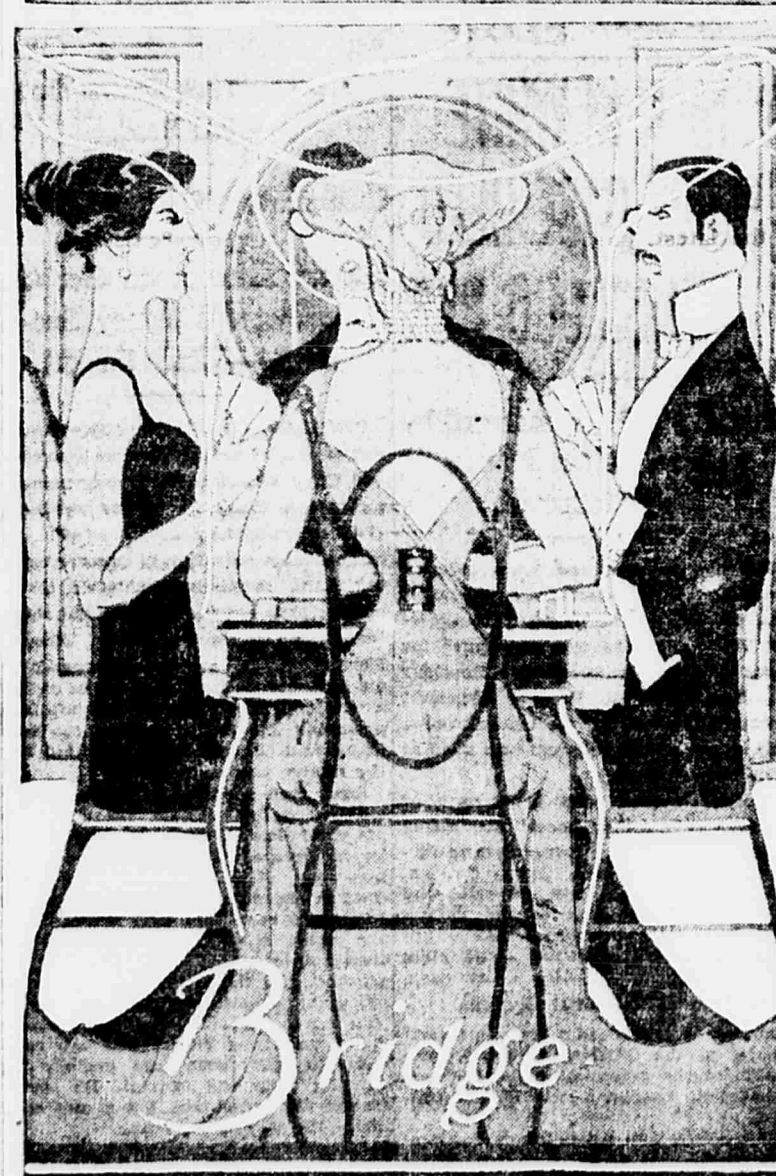
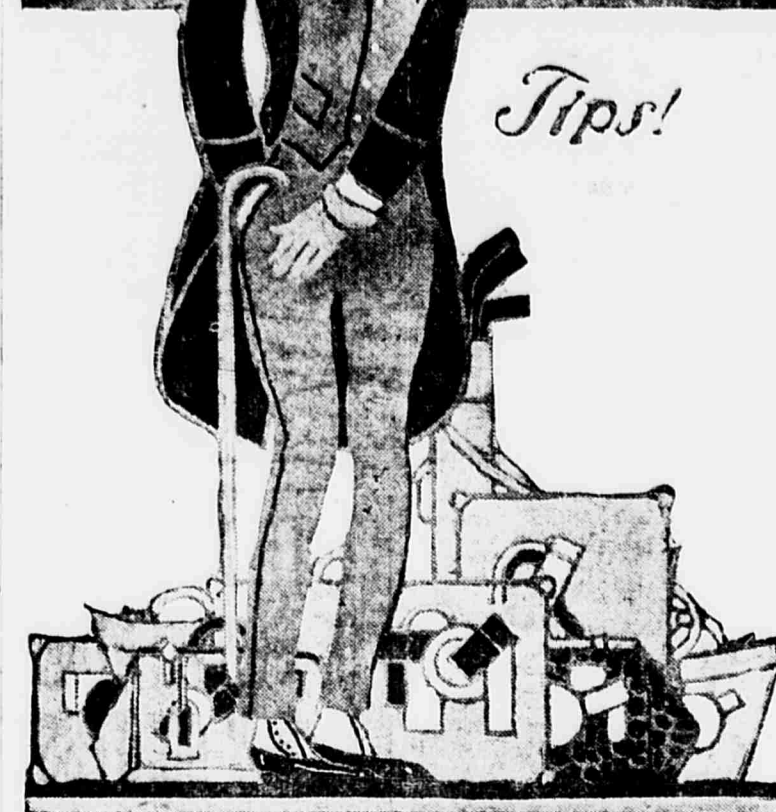
The difficult subject of precedence is disposed of by Mr. Crowninshield in the ingenious suggestion which follows:

"In England the matter of precedence at dinners is simplicity itself. The Sovereign precedes an ambassador, who precedes the Archbishop of Canterbury, who precedes the Earl Marshal, who precedes a duke, who precedes an earl, a marquis, a viscount, a bishop, a baron, &c.; but in America the matter is a much more perplexing one."

The author of this brochure respectfully suggests the following scheme of American dinner precedence: Let an open box contain 6 points; steam yacht, 5; town house, 4; country house, 3; motor, 2; each; every million dollar, 2; tiana, 1; good wine cellar, 1; ballroom in town house, 1; a known grandparent of either sex, 1/2; culture, 1/2. By this system a woman of culture with four known grandparents and a million dollars will have a total of 14. She will, of course, be forced to follow in the wake of a lady with a town house and a tiana (6), who, in turn, will trail after a woman with a steam yacht and two motors (11). The highest known total is about 100; the lowest, about 1/2. The housekeeper may arrange the totals, and the hostess can then send the guests in according to their listed quotations.

For the Dancing Set.

Before proceeding to his third topic of "dancing," Mr. Crowninshield gives a graphic description of a ball, summed up briefly as follows:



MRS. LIVINGSTON
WEDS J. B. CLEWS
DIVORCEE CANNOT
TAKE MAIDEN NAME
Bride Comes From a Distinguished Line of Ancestry
and Is Handsome.

Justice Bischoff Establishes a New Rule in His Part of Supreme Court.

Oscar Livingston and James Harrington, clerks, were married today at the residence of Mrs. Livingston's brother, Romaine C. Nichols, at Bernardsville, N. J., the Right Rev. Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, officiating. After the ceremony breakfast was served.

The best man was Lawrence L. Gillespie, of New York, with Miss Frances Sullivan, of Philadelphia, niece of the bride, acted as maid of honor. Owing to the recent death of Mrs. Nichols, the bride's mother, only the immediate relatives of the Clews, Nichols and Livingston families, numbering about fifty, were present. The guests were taken to and from Bernardsville by private car over the Lackawanna.

The bride, who is unusually handsome, carried a large bouquet of orchids and was becomingly attired in a mauve traveling gown, with a large picture hat of the same color. She is the widow of Oscar Livingston, who died about four years ago. Prior to her marriage to Mr. Livingston she was Miss Letitia Nichols, and came from a distinguished line of ancestry.

Her father, the late Washington T. Nichols, was a prominent member of the New York bar. Her great-grandfather was Gen. Benjamin H. Nichols, who served in the Revolutionary War with Washington.

James Harrington, who is a nephew of Henry Clews and has been associated with him for years in the banking business. He is chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Cigar Company and a director in a number of other corporations.

Several months ago Mr. Clews purchased the lot on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fifth street, and is now engaged in building a handsome residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Clews will go to Cuba, where their honeymoon will be spent.

THREE ROBBERS FRACTURE SKULL OF LITTLE TAILOR

Sandbagged Him in Shop This
Morning and Took Watch
and Money.

NOT LIKELY TO LIVE.

Policeman on a Corner Within
a Block Saw and Heard
Nothing of the Attack.

Three highwaymen dressed as electricians and carrying a kit of tools, sandbagged, gagged and robbed Bernard Raff, fifty-three years old, in his little tailor shop at No. 19 East Seventh street at 10:30 o'clock to-day and escaped.

Policeman Arthur Nelson stood on post one hundred feet away, but saw and heard nothing.

Raff was found in a small room off the tailor shop in a pool of blood. He is at Bellevue Hospital with a fractured skull and little chance of surviving the assault. The robbers answer the descriptions of three men who have been preying on small restaurant men on the east side for weeks.

Mrs. Raff left her husband's store shortly after 10 o'clock to do some marketing. No sooner was she away than the three strangers entered the shop. Raff asked them their business.

"We're from the Edison Company and want to see if the electric lights are all right," spoke up the one carrying the yellow double-gripped bag peculiar to the Electrician.

Had No Electric Lights.

"We have no electric lights here," replied the old man smiling.

The man shouldering the bag dropped his burden to the floor and said: "We'll see what you have here. Just come along and show us the lights."

By this time Raff became suspicious of his visitors, but a glance into the tool grip gave him reassurance, and he quietly followed the three from the shop into a small chamber used by his customers as a try on room.

No sooner was he over the threshold than a heavy blunt instrument crashed in his skull and he tumbled into a helpless heap on the floor. To make sure that Raff would not disturb the invaders one of the assassins almost strangled him with a red handkerchief while another wound up a gag and rammed it into his prostrate victim's mouth. In this condition he was found by his wife three-quarters of an hour after.

Mrs. Raff heard the old man's groans as she entered the store. His body was against the door, and it was necessary for her to expend all her weight in pushing it ajar. Raff's head was hardly recognizable, so thoroughly did the robber try to wind handkerchiefs about its neck and face. Blood covered his clothing. He was unable to move or speak.

The woman screamed so loudly that Policeman Nelson heard her a block away. With several neighbors they revived her from a swoon, during which she fell over the apparently lifeless form of her husband. She could give no explanation as to her husband's injuries. Two physicians failed to quiet her hysterics.

Crowds Search Street.

The neighborhood was quickly in a turmoil, and crowds of young men were scouring through the adjoining streets in hope of getting a trace of the thugs. They had covered the tracks well, up to now the police have failed absolutely to secure one lead leading to their identity or whereabouts.

Dr. Birdale, of Bellevue Hospital, worked over half an hour for several minutes, restoring consciousness long enough for him to tell of the burglar's assault. He then lapsed into a coma common to victims of fractured skulls and little hope is held for his recovery.

It was found that Raff's watch and chain had been plucked from his waist coat pocket and a roll of \$5 taken from his trousers. Nothing else in the shop was touched. No one has been found who remembers seeing the trio in the neighborhood, and the police have only a meagre description of the men. A worn soft fedora hat was found on the floor.

CHILDREN TOSSED BY MOTHER FROM BURNING HOME

Through the quick action and nerve of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Barker, of West Harrison, near White Plains, their four little children were saved from being burned to death in their home, which was destroyed by fire early to-day.

When Mr. Barker, who had run from the house to give an alarm, tried to get back into the dwelling he found the main hallway blocked by fire. Mrs. Barker, who was on the second floor, then called to her husband that she would throw their little ones from the window.

One by one two girls and two boys were tossed out by the mother, who, although almost overcome, stood at her post. The father caught the children and all escaped unharmed.

The night-dress of the last child to leave the burning building caught fire before Mrs. Barker could perform her work of rescue, but the mother extinguished the flames before the little one had suffered harm.

Just as the flames reached Mrs. Barker she leaped from the window and was also caught by her husband. Mr. Barker believes that his little cottage was fired by an incendiary. He is a poor man, though, and knows of no reason why any one should take revenge on him. The fire was discovered by Mrs. Barker, a relative of the Barkers. She awakened Mrs. Barker, and then made her escape in her night clothing.

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